# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE SHARON, ROBERT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. { CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1773.


## Choice Poetry.

### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

[illegible]

## Original Novelet.

### NANCY SELWYN;
### OR,
### The Cloud with a Silver Lining.
### A STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER VII.

[illegible]

## A TALE OF MYSTERY.

### SEQUEL TO MARK, THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

## A TALE OF MYSTERY.

### SEQUEL TO MARK, THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

As soon as Miss learned where his daughter was, he wrote to Rich, informing him of the contents of the child had been united in marriage, though then they were ascertained to be illegal, and that the parties were [illegible] Rich, on receiving this letter, was [illegible] and, in very rich, it seems to [illegible] threats of ruin. Two such stories in one day were calculated to embarrass any ordinary man, and I wanted to be alone and think.

I of course attended the funeral of the aged deceased. He was a rich person, and he took [illegible] of his wife, upon which occasion [illegible] the very day succeed to me to invite and cover it to [illegible] Rich was [illegible] He was very pleasant. The [illegible] around were thronged; everybody was talking over the event of the day.

"Rich Chesterfield," murmured everybody, as if trying to get accustomed to the novel sound—"Rich Chesterfield!"

April 1, [illegible] night which may feel sure of his myself—Margery and her husband.

How does it read?" I asked, handing the sheet to surprised Egypt, to keep Ring Redfish.

"Enough like fiction," she replied, smiling; "but you know the old saying"

"Yes, truth is stranger than fiction."

"But why, Margery," I asked, some few days after, "did you condemn to marry Rich, when you are in doubt as to his origin?"

She opened those bright, speaking eyes, wider, at the reply.

"What did I care about his origin? I knew him to be true and honest; I knew him to be noble and generous, and, I chose to believe that his parentage involved no question of purity or honesty.—Besides, if it had, I asserted my own noble Redfish—for his birthright. Before his proposition—but not before we were in heart engaged—he told of this flower; told it with such glowing eyes and fervent, hopeful words, that I caught the spirit of his faith, and believed with him that he would yet find his father."

She smiled, and going to a little desk, lifted her, richly inlaid with pearl. Opening it, she took therefrom some discolored pages, and laid them in my hands. They were portions of the old journal, and the hand-writing was that which she had indeed beautiful thoughts as she read.

"I have only transcribed such portions for you," she said, "as seemed to have some bearing on that part of the story of which you have made use; they might have seemed detached from, they did not to me; but there is many a tale quietly told, among those treasured leaves, that is very thoughtful, and you may weave up in your own style, and serve to the true hungry public."

"Oh, thank you with all my heart," I said, delightedly, almost hugging the treasure in one of those sudden dispositions which authors are so sensible of, especially when they find old manuscripts in mysterious places, (as they frequently do) or have them volunteered by confidential friends, who are ever on the look out for literary morsels. Of the journal extracts anon.

That night I walked with Margery in the back ground. It is no longer bounded by a wooden fence, and guarded by the cross sticks of the mirtens. A handsome and durable iron railing, connected with huge posts of cement, surrounds it; and it is adorned with flowers and sculptures. This improvement is mainly the work of Rich, and he takes great pleasure in beautifying his "garden of the dead," as he calls it. I love the touch of the old sexton, over which a plain marble slab of white marble has been erected; I saw the hand of the tiller, inconsiderate, and fingered, filled with memorial thoughts, till the shadows traced from the logs of the tall pines.

Not long after, I took my leave of this sweet family, resigning them once more into the caress again, I would be there.

Amidst the din of voices and the heat of a close one, I was dozing my way home, when something said in my ear: "Buy a paper!—Times—Herald 2"—Climbing gentlemen over the door Lancet, I was startled on meeting with the following paragraph, in a letter under the head of foreign correspondence:

"I was at a wedding last night. The bride, a young girl of great beauty, dazzled by the [illegible] at all my late spent some time during the last two or three years, in the city of [illegible] name was Estelle Varine; her father is a renowned artist—the fortunate suitor now her husband, by [illegible] is engraved in heart, the Hon. Ellis Hampton, of Philadelphia. It was all very splendid, the bridal [illegible] mean. The bride looked magnificent, and Hon Isaac Hampton is voted by the ladies to [illegible] fellow."

This was sudden but pleasing news. Since then I have learned by letter that Estelle is very happy, having recovered, if I may say the expression, from her first, all-engrossing infatuation; I do not think it could be long, for love can have no fellowship with whatever is ungain or unlovely. She is coming soon to America, and doubtless we shall all meet together.

And now let me finish by saying that the incident of the Mormon, though by not at least to be out of place in the story, was related because it was truth—in other words, because the lady first widely benefited by Rich, the orator, did escape from that polluted land, and did experience kindness from one of the noblest of his sex. Now, dear lady friends and readers, I have done.

## Clippings.

☞ The national mode of fighting in Surinam appears to be borrowed from the ferocity animal of the country—being not boxing, but kicking matches. Each of the male combatants is supported by two friends, who take hold of him under each arm, while he launches out with both feet against his adversary. These fights are sometimes fatal, the parties wearing thick, heavy sailor's brogans.

☞ "There is one thing troubles me now," said an old soldier with his death-bed, to his spiritual adviser; "and it is this: I've been spliced on to two women, your reverence, and both have been buried, and I'm alone not. What troubles me is, to which of 'em I shall be linked on when I gets yonder?" "In the future world there is no marriage, neither is there any giving in marriage," replied the clergyman. "Let me catch 'holding thoughts occupy your mind now!" cried the old man, "or your mind'll be meant more or, and the Bible says so. I say from it's all right. Not but what I would like to back on to my first wife again, poor thing! but it would have been a terrible thing to have to break on through eternity with another old bloater's daughter. I never never have heard the songs of the angels while her tongue was a-going, your reverence."

☞ A gentleman boarding at one of our hotels—where a dozen low-bred monkeys who can find nothing to greet them—at a time," recite—pestered and annoyed at the remaining one—and could not get rid of the troublesome fellow, took it into his head to resort to their own style. He accordingly informed them that he had been in England—and in town in the course of his life; and then he began to utter everything that came into his head, but those. The monkeys were dumb with horror and amazement. At last one of them ventured to inquire, with a sneer, if the gentleman had ever anything in England better than in the United States? "Yes, I have," answered the American, looking hard at the monkeys. "I have seen better Englishmen in England than I ever saw in the United States." After this "Scissor" the monkeys were quiet.

☞ Conversation in Wall Street.—News-boy to candy-boy: "I say, Bob, you hand got much of a stock, there. Five vanities and two teenager papers. Guess you don't mean to make no fortin this time, no how. I trade you." The boy: "Can't do it. I've been a-waiting for specie—and—Times—Herald 2 special—for the last two times. But just you wait till the next copy comes out."

☞ Our Dumb-Bell friends have a new sense of shillings and pence. The other morning, at lunch on a country-bred near Hamilton place, came into the cabin with a broiled mackerel. It led to the following colloquy with the Captain: "What's that?" "A mackerel." "Where's the head and tail?" "I cut them off, and threw them overboard," was the reply. "Then strangled the head and tail of a mackerel upon reckon as well write rain on the face of every schooner that sails out of Boston." Whether the remonstrance has led to a return, will be known when we get next down that way.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

SAY THY CONSCIENCE SPEAK—SPEAK THY SOUL—SPEAK ALWAYS. IT IS NOT A MORAL LIBERTY OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of The Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid before the first No. is chosen—and $2 50 if not paid before the end of the year. The following are the terms of Clubs, in addition to a single copy to Post Office:

5 Copies, - - - - $8,00 Per Annum.
(A fifth copy goes to the getter up of the Club.)
10 " - - - - 16,00 "
(Two copies to the getter up of the Club.)
15 " - - - - 24,00 "
(Three copies to the getter up of the Club.)
20 " - - - - 30,00 "

Persons residing in South Philadelphia must remit twenty-five cents extra on the above subscription prices, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

Advertisers on Quarter—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add names to it at other times, provided he notifies us either will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the said list do. We will continue to supply them at club rates, and have them. Our object is to have all the subscribers to a club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the names begin, a club should be promoted, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the money.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs could confer a favor by having them sent to their address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they were subscribed.

A Very Ill-Natured.—Our subscribers will please take notice that we have been in want of agents, out of this State. They will therefore not send us the stamps.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, to which they live. Else they need be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, as well as its not find Institute, to the advantage of our liberal offer themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

## PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who happen to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its THIRTY-SECOND YEAR, and has increased, both in size and in circulation.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, CHARLES DICKENS, Mrs. DENISON, MARY IRVING, GILES B. STEBBINS, AGNES CARRY, MARY E. STILLE PULLER, &c. &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

THE GERMAN SORCERS, by Grace Greenwood.
THE WIDOW'S WOOD, by Charles Dickens.
NANCY BRIGHTS; or, THE CHECK WITH A SILVER LINING, by Mary Irving.
VITTA, A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety in GOSSIPINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LITERARY, FOREIGN OR LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CURRENT EVENTS from all sources, LITERARY NOTICES, &c., &c.

Our Commercial Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the times World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

## CHANGES OF OPINION.

As we quoted from the National Era, a week or two ago, an account of the conversion of doctrines held by the N. Y. Tribune relative to the Judicial Supremacy, perhaps it is well to state that the Tribune acknowledges the fact, but excuses it to the ground that a journal has a right to change its opinions.

Now that's paper, like an individual, has a right to change its opinions, we do not deny. For instance As it is a difficulty, and B professes to sympathize very deeply with him, and after daily business again and again that C is inclinable if he does not take A's part against B, would be considered what he says wrong. Well, yielding to his own sense of duty, and the more sentiment of the moment, as expressed by his friend and champion of A. But recently C has come to see, when B appeared to act violently for interfering, as he had before assisted him for interfering, and when he found his neighbors had lost their hands in astonishment at such inconsistency, B very coolly replies that he has changed his opinions.

Yes, a man has a right to change his opinions—has a right to change his mind with some regard to his position. In a case like that we have imagined above, common decency would have prevented B from opening at once full-mouthed in favor of the party he attacked by a sudden flash—acting it takes as to what was right, he should manifest a little modesty in expressing his new conviction. Perhaps he is just as sure of the new opinion as he was in the old—and guides with the zeal of a great thunder still clinging to their garments, should be a little cautious in proclaiming dogmatically that they now have the truth. Yes, men have the right to change their opinions—but those that are unthinking capability of reading such narrations and sudden changes in their opinions, should not be too distasteful or too confident in the correctness of them.

Again, there may be an intellectual and moral obstacle to such change of opinion. Thus if the English Cabinet were to come to the conclusion that they had made a mistake in the policy of the free trade, and that it was for the advisable division of the "rich man's" possessions among the poor, they might submit as to the policy of the present content—and wars to send out orders to their commanders to combat the future with the Russian against the French, and to injure the French as much as possible—but we doubt whether the world would receive as sufficient excuse for such treachery, that England had changed her opinions. It would be not exempt from condemnation. A man who did all he could to urge England not to go to war with Russia, and who, when it did go to war, he gave a treasonable part, when, they became convinced of the wickedness of the war, and were to send out orders to their commanders to combat the future with the Russian against the French, and to injure the French as much as possible—we doubt whether the world would receive as sufficient excuse for such treachery, that England had changed her opinions. It would be not exempt from condemnation. A man who did all he could to urge England not to go to war with Russia, and who, when it did go to war, he gave a treasonable part, when, they became convinced of the wickedness of the war, and were to send out orders to their commanders to combat the future with the Russian against the French, and to injure the French as much as possible—we doubt whether the world would receive as sufficient excuse for such treachery, that England had changed her opinions. It would be not exempt from condemnation.

And granting that a man has a right to change his opinions—has a right to do it, has a right to judge him by such change. What is his judgment worth? Suppose a man should come from South-East to North-West in a few hours, or days, or months? Either the intellectual or moral nature must be changed in very deep. And the man who is liable to such changes is unreliable—wanting in the elements and of modesty, in not keeping his opinions pretty much to himself.

We may therefore conclude as to this right of changing opinions—brought before us by the pens of our New York contemporary—that we have the honor of conversing in those we consistently governed by the plumber circumstances under which we are placed. The course will not clean cannon a man from the performance of his duty, and the consistent, however he may be called to the penalty of making Benedict who we would not say that either individuals or nations are to be guilty of such changes of opinion as have become convinced in contrary to justice and right, either in their own case, or in that of a man's manner as should not open them to the charge either of treachery or of [illegible]

## PROSPECTUS.

FOR EASTMAN COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE.—The Fall Term of this institution will commence on the 15th of August, with twenty professors and teachers. For particulars, we refer our readers to the advertisement of the proprietors, on the next page.

## THE DLUSS OF LONDON.

From an article in the July number of the North American Review, we gain the following:

The Druids, or Priests of Britain, were the depositaries of the learning of their country, and were distinguished for the purpose of good fellowship, as well as for the purpose of religion, by the name of Gorsedd. Why not call the Druidical Gorsedd the Clubs of London? Why not call the Gorsedd of Caerleon the Club of Caerleon? Why not call the Gorsedd of Glamorgan the Club of Glamorgan? Why not call the Gorsedd of Powys the Club of Powys? Why not call the Gorsedd of Gwynedd the Club of Gwynedd? Why not call the Gorsedd of Dyfed the Club of Dyfed? Why not call the Gorsedd of Cornwall the Club of Cornwall? Why not call the Gorsedd of Cumbria the Club of Cumbria? Why not call the Gorsedd of Strathclyde the Club of Strathclyde? Why not call the Gorsedd of Dalriada the Club of Dalriada? Why not call the Gorsedd of Brittany the Club of Brittany? Why not call the Gorsedd of Gwyddyl the Club of Gwyddyl? Why not call the Gorsedd of Manau the Club of Manau? Why not call the Gorsedd of Lloegyr the Club of Lloegyr? Why not call the Gorsedd of Deira the Club of Deira? Why not call the Gorsedd of Bernicia the Club of Bernicia? Why not call the Gorsedd of Mercia the Club of Mercia? Why not call the Gorsedd of East Anglia the Club of East Anglia? Why not call the Gorsedd of Essex the Club of Essex? Why not call the Gorsedd of Kent the Club of Kent? Why not call the Gorsedd of Sussex the Club of Sussex? Why not call the Gorsedd of Wessex the Club of Wessex? Why not call the Gorsedd of Britain the Club of Britain? Why not call the Gorsedd of Ireland the Club of Ireland? Why not call the Gorsedd of Scotland the Club of Scotland? Why not call the Gorsedd of Wales the Club of Wales? Why not call the Gorsedd of England the Club of England? Why not call the Gorsedd of the United Kingdom the Club of the United Kingdom? Why not call the Gorsedd of the British Empire the Club of the British Empire? Why not call the Gorsedd of the World the Club of the World? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Universe the Club of the Universe? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Solar System the Club of the Solar System? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Milky Way the Club of the Milky Way? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Galaxy the Club of the Galaxy? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Nebulae the Club of the Nebulae? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Universe the Club of the Universe? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Solar System the Club of the Solar System? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Milky Way the Club of the Milky Way? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Galaxy the Club of the Galaxy? Why not call the Gorsedd of the Nebulae the Club of the Nebulae?

The kind-hearted doctor should go a step further, and insist on the plan adopted by many tribes or savages, of killing the old, and not allowing them to be buried in the earth. Such a thing circumstances are forbidden, for the reason that the ground is consecrated, and that the dead are to be interred in it. But the Druids, who were the priests of Britain, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Caerleon, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Glamorgan, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Powys, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Gwynedd, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Dyfed, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Cornwall, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Cumbria, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Strathclyde, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Dalriada, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Brittany, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Gwyddyl, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Manau, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Lloegyr, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Deira, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Bernicia, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Mercia, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of East Anglia, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Essex, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Kent, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Sussex, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Wessex, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Britain, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Ireland, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Scotland, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of Wales, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of England, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the United Kingdom, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the British Empire, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the World, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the Universe, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the Solar System, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the Milky Way, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the Galaxy, and who had the power of the Gorsedd of the Nebulae

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

## General News.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

#### DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

The steamship Pacific arrived at New York on the 19th inst., and the Adriatic from Havre on the 18th—the latter bringing the news of the death of Lord Raglan. The following is the official announcement of the intelligence already transmitted by telegraph:

HEADQUARTERS, CRIMEA, June 29, 1855.

It is my painful duty to announce to the army the death of its commander-in-chief, Field Marshal Lord Raglan, which occurred on the 28th inst., at 9 o'clock in the morning.

His lordship's illness was of short duration, and the army had no reason to anticipate the event which has deprived it of its chief, and the country of one of its most distinguished servants.

Lord Raglan's military career commenced in the Peninsular war, and he was present at the battles of Vimiera, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse, and was severely wounded at Waterloo.

He was appointed military secretary to the Duke of Wellington in 1808, and continued to hold that office during the whole of the Duke's command in the Peninsula and in France, and after the peace of 1815 he was appointed master general of the ordnance, which office he held until 1852, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army.

Lord Raglan was a general officer of great experience, and his military career was marked by the strictest attention to duty, and by the most chivalrous gallantry.

His lordship's remains will be interred in the English burial ground at Balaklava, on Tuesday, the 3d July, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The funeral will be conducted with the honors due to the rank of the deceased.

All the troops off duty will attend.

The Commander Sunbury arrived here this morning, at 2 A. M., in 164 hours from Alexandria.

Advices from Bombay to May 1, and the Indian mails from Alexandria to-day, with dates to May 7, have been received. The Bombay Times of May 1 says: "Up to the 30th ult. the Punjab was perfectly tranquil. The Commissioner, Mr. Montgomery, was at Lahore, and the Chief Commissioner was at Peshawur, and the Lieutenant-Governor at Simla. The Punjab Government has exhibited great energy and promptitude in the measures it has taken to meet the present crisis, and the tranquillity here is the result of the confidence which the people have in the power of the Government to protect them."

The Bombay Gazette of May 2 says: "Up to the 30th ult. there was no cessation whatever for the worse in the Punjab. The Commissioner, Mr. Montgomery, was at Lahore, and the Chief Commissioner was at Peshawur, and the Lieutenant-Governor at Simla. The Punjab Government has exhibited great energy and promptitude in the measures it has taken to meet the present crisis, and the tranquillity here is the result of the confidence which the people have in the power of the Government to protect them."

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Nothing of importance from the Crimea.

On the 27th inst. the Russians made a sortie from Sebastopol, while reconnoitring Tchernaya, but were soon driven back by the French. Some more steamers arrived to augment the allied fleet, including the Prince Consort, Lord Raglan, and the Trigger.

Commodore Commodore Lord Raglan.

## Selected Sketch.

### CATHERINE "THE GREAT," OF RUSSIA.

It was during the reign of this Empress that Poland was partitioned, that the Crimea was conquered, that Suwarrow fought, that it became a settled object of Russian policy to annex Turkey. She was originally a German Princess, Sophia Augusta, of Anhalt-Zerbst; but on embracing the Greek religion, she assumed the name of Catherine Alexiewna. She was born about the year 1729, and in 1745 was married to Peter, a grandson of Peter the Great, and afterwards Emperor under the title of Peter III. Their union at first seemed to promise happiness; but soon the young husband was deprived, by the small-pox, of that which alone had rendered him agreeable to his wife, a handsome countenance. From that hour he was an object of disgust to Catherine, and she began a career of debauchery more enormous, more shameless than any other recorded in history. Lover succeeded lover with capricious rapidity, and there is reason to suppose that Paul, who was afterwards Emperor, and the father of the late Nicholas, was not the legitimate child of his mother. Peter, meanwhile, who was "a smoker, a drunkard, a gambler, and a debauchee," was kept in ignorance of that which was a standing jest among the courtiers.

At length, however, the eyes of the stupid husband were opened, and he hastened to the reigning Empress to demand vengeance upon one of the lovers of his wife, a high functionary of the Empire. The man was deprived of his office. Catherine, in disgrace, abandoned by the fawning crowd of courtiers who till now had lavished upon her all their flatteries, was obliged to accompany her husband to a distant fortress. There she continued to receive the visits of her favorite, who entered the fortress each time in a new disguise. He was caught at length, and taken into the presence of Peter, who at first in furious tones threatened to hang him, but in a few minutes his anger cooled, and, struck with some absurdity in the lover's disguise, he burst into roars of laughter. Thenceforward Catherine appears to have gone on in her revolting career unhindered and unregarded by her husband.

In 1762, Peter III. and Catherine were crowned Emperor and Empress of Russia. On assuming the reins of government, it is conceded by Russian historians that Peter performed many wise and clement actions. He forgave those who had offended him during the previous reign; he recalled a large number of exiles from Siberia; he suppressed the "Secret Chancery," a kind of political inquisition, the very name of which made Russians tremble; he gave some new privileges to the nobility, and enfranchised the serfs on the estates of the Church; he introduced some reforms into the administration of justice. But, unfortunately, his exertions, which might have conciliated the favor of the nation, were baffled by his obstinacy in introducing Prussian manners into his Court, and Prussian tactics into his camp. He had been brought up in Germany, and had conceived a fantastic admiration for Frederic the Great. He dressed in the Prussian uniform, and aped the great Frederic in some of his well-known peculiarities of speech and

## City Scenes.

**FLATTERING.**

*Boy (in allusion to Brown, who thinks he is well got up).* "Oh! look here, Billy, they've got a dinner party at this 'ouse—and if ere isn't the cove what's a' going to wait."

## Wit and Humor.

### SMOKING A CIGAR IN BOSTON.

Fred Rose is a living illustration of the value of good manners. By mere politeness and tact he makes his way easily through all kinds of difficulties, when men of ten times his ability would be at fault. In proof of this, we have heard the following anecdote told by his friend George T——. Fred in his travels, some time ago, stopped at the Tremont House, in Boston, where T—— called upon him one evening and the two started out on a stroll. As they left the hotel, Fred took out his cigar case.

"You can't smoke here, Fred," said George—"it's contrary to law, to smoke in the streets of Boston. The Policemen are wide awake, you'll find."

"I'll bet you a hat, I smoke this cigar out before I leave this street," said Fred, in reply.

"Done," answered George, and they kept on slowly down the street, Fred smoking with conspicuous energy.

"Hallo, there, you sir!" said a civic guardian, with a voice like the growl of a bulldog. "Just put out that cigar, will you? You mustn't smoke in these 'ere streets."

Fred—Not smoke, my friend! (puff, puff.) Why not? (puff, puff.)

Policeman—(decisively)—Cos it's ag'in the laws of the corporation. That's why.

Fred—(blandly)—In the daytime you mean, perhaps, sir? (puff, puff.) It can't do any harm at night, you know. (Puff, puff.)

Policeman—Daytime or night, it's all the same. 'Taint allowed at all. So if you just please—

Fred—Certainly. (Puff, puff.) A fellow who has any sense, (puff, puff,) will never go against the law, (puff, puff) particularly in a respectable city like Boston, (puff, puff)

## The Olio.

### WHEN FRIENDS LOOK DARK AND COLD.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Be sure there is evil nigh.
Oh, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

"MY CIRCUMSTANCES, NOT MY NAME."—There was a dry old fellow, whose wit was the amusement of the residents of the south of Jefferson county. He was sitting one day in the village store; a gentleman who came in thought he recognized a friend, and said: "How do you do, Mr. Underhill?" The old man said, "Sir, you have described my circumstances, but that is not my name." The same old fellow called one day on the member of Congress elect; the family were at breakfast; there was a vacant seat, but the old man was hardly in a plight to be invited to the table. The following conversation took place: "How do you do, Mr. ——? What is the news?" Said the old man, "Nothing much, but one of my neigh-